

Tea as a Beverage

Tea first became known in China nearly 3000 years before Christ. In that country tea was greatly prized, both for its remarkable qualities as a beverage and for the almost religious ceremony attached to the drinking of it. Up to the sixth century, tea was used only for medicinal purposes. Even in the seventeenth century it cost \$25.00 to \$50.00 per pound. All tea caddies were constantly kept under lock and key. Today when even fine quality like "SALADA" costs less than one-third of a cent per cup, it is not surprising that the consumption of tea is increasing tremendously.

"SALADA"

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

Afterwards, when she was alone, Carlotta read it again:

"Dear Miss Carlyon,—I have had a long talk with my brother to-day, and it would give me much pleasure if you would come up to Stair to-morrow and lunch with me.

"I shall be quite alone, but I want to know you better; indeed, it is quite necessary, for a great many things are happening, and it is better, if possible, to avoid misunderstanding.—Yours sincerely, Judith Rankine."

Carlotta was pleased, yet a little reluctant, to accept the invitation so sincerely given. She thought about it for over an hour, but, in the end, she dressed herself in her quietest, least obtrusive garments, and set out to walk to the house in which, for the time being, the whole of her interest in life centred.

It was her first visit. Her only previous knowledge of Stair was having seen it from the sea in a boat one evening with the sunset light upon it, a picture she had never forgotten.

Carlotta was a splendid walker, and the four miles by the longest way to Stair had only the effect of heightening her beauty by giving her a touch of very rare and natural color. Her coat and skirt of gray tweed, her soft, white silk skirt, and serviceable but not unbecoming hat, her dainty shoes and gloves, all combined to make an attractive, even a striking figure.

Judy, watching from the terrace where she was feeding the peacocks, flushed a little when she saw the tall graceful figure swing round the bend in the avenue, and realized that something of an ordeal was in front.

She put the last morsel on the balustrade for the stately birds, and walked towards the broad flight of steps to meet her guest.

Judy, all in black, was not very beautiful. She had not slept well and her skin was sallow, her eyes tired, her expression a little sad. But when she smiled, as she did when she waved her hand in greeting, one forgot everything but the magic of that smile.

"It was very good of you to come on such a short invitation. My brother has gone to Glasgow again to-day. He will be gone the most of the day. First of all I thought I would come down to the Clock House, and then, reflecting that it might be difficult for us to get a chance for private talk, I thought of this. You did not mind coming?"

"It was perfectly sweet and dear of you to ask me," said Carlotta, the music of her voice vibrating with tenderness. "I have never seen Stair

except from the sea. Then it looked very stately and unapproachable. How beautiful it is!"

"I am glad you like it. I was born here, of course, and for me there is no other place—at least quite the same," she added, as if fearing that she had insisted too much.

They walked up the terrace steps together, and made pause a moment by the balustrade, their eyes roaming across the stretches of the park with its woodland glades, and the shimmer of the lake in the middle distance. When they turned their eyes, the wide spaces of the sea filled them.

"It is almost one o'clock," said Judy gently, for she saw by Carlotta's face how moved she was. "Afterwards I will show you Stair, all the house, and the beauty spots close to it. You can stay quite a long time, I hope?"

"Yes," answered Carlotta, simply; and the wonder of it grew upon her as she followed Judy into the house.

She was in no way overcome, or even impressed by the size and magnificence of the stately heritage; she moved in it as to the manner born; and Judy, watching her, was charmed by her complete and natural grace, and thought, with a strange pang, that Stair could never have a fairer mistress.

Their luncheon was served at a round table in the octagon window of the dining-room, a very simple, dainty meal, and then Judy, wise and discerning, took her guest to the shabby old family room so inseparably bound up with the lives of the present generation.

When Carlotta had stepped into the shabby old place Judy closed the door and stood with her back against it.

"Do you know you are the first person who has ever been invited to the Pool on such short notice? This is the family treasure-house, and sometimes its prison-house! Sit down there in that old chair, and I'll sit opposite, and let us talk. I've been doing all the talking up till now, and I want to hear you. But first I will tell you that I am glad—I am glad that you are going to marry my brother Alan instead of my cousin, Peter Garvock!"

Judy had not rehearsed the little scene, and she went, as was natural to her, right to the bedrock of things without delay. Carlotta's color rose.

"He has told you then? But, my dear, we may never marry. That matters little. What matters is that we should have met—he and I and you. It is one of the wonders of the world. Now I know why I was brought to Scotland—and that was a problem against which I beat myself until I was tired!"

Judy, leaning back in the low rocker, intently studied Carlotta's face. It was a study of which neither man nor woman could quickly tire. All her fears, her misgivings, her doubts were melting slowly like mist before the sun, scattered by what she read there.

For nobility of soul, strength of will, and depth of feeling undoubtedly were Carlotta's characteristics, and an immense joy and satisfaction came to Judy because Alan had done so well for himself. It could never be other than good for a man to worship at that shrine! It would uplift and purify and even redeem him, supposing he needed redemption from himself.

"I am sorry for Peter Garvock for the first time in my life," she said unexpectedly.

Carlotta heard her, a little startled. "Oh, why?"

"To have lost you! I don't wonder that he was angry, and that he made haste to hammer Alan!"

"Did he—did he? Was it so bad as that?"

"It was quite as bad. But as Alan has not told you, please don't ask me any questions. But, Carlotta—I must call you that, for, all of a sudden, you have just leaped into my heart, and we are sisters—aren't we?—think hard, won't you, dear, and tell me—what are we to do to save Stair? I suppose Alan has told you everything?"

ECLIPSE FASHIONS



A Quaint Little Bloomer Dress

Frocks for little folks are becoming more interesting every day, and there is almost as great variety as for the grown-ups. What little girl would not adore this quaint and winsome little bloomer frock No. 1025? It may be made of gingham, chambray, percale, cotton rep or the dainty, patterned English prints. The kimono sleeve upper portion is attached to two semi-circular skirt portions, forming an apron effect, and tied at either side with bows of material or ribbon. The pattern also includes bloomers gathered into knee-bands. Elastic is inserted at the waist. The pattern is cut in sizes 4 to 10 years and requires 1 1/2 yards of 32 inch material for the dress and 1 1/4 yards for the bloomers.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Orders filled same day as received.

"I think he has. You can't imagine what my feelings were when I heard how I had put him at the mercy of his cousin!"

"You didn't put him there Carlotta. That was done before you came on the scene at all. I partly blame myself, for I didn't go thoroughly enough into things before my father died. I didn't realize, you see, what it might mean to let Peter get such a firm hold here. All that you did was to show Alan where he stood, and I do believe that, perhaps in the end, it will be quite a good thing for us all."

"You can say that—YOU!" cried Carlotta in a choking voice, "though you just know that perhaps you will have to leave this heavenly place!"

"There is no 'perhaps' about it. Alan has gone to-day to make final arrangements and to empower the lawyers to find a tenant. I shan't like that, my dear. It would be useless to pretend that I could like it, but it has to be endured like the other unpleasant happenings of life. And it won't last forever. I shall enjoy playing at housekeeping in a small house at Cambridge."

"You will like Cambridge," said Carlotta quickly. "But after this—" "I can't transplant the Pool, worse luck! But I think I must turn it into a sort of Bluebeard's chamber, don't you know, and reserve it as a place to stow the odds and ends in. Ann Christy, our old nurse, says people who let houses always reserve that sort of right. And Alan says that I can take away enough of things to furnish the little Cambridge house. That will be interesting and amusing as far as it goes."

Carlotta's eyes seemed to darken, and she allowed Judy to meander on without interruption. Suddenly she clasped her hands and leaned forward, with a sort of intense look on her face.

"If I had married Peter Garvock none of this would have happened!" Judy's smile was a little rueful. "It might have happened just as it

has, but trouble was bound to come sooner or later. Peter has, or had, Alan completely in his power so far as money is concerned. We owe him—or at least Stair does—between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. That takes a lot of paying, Carlotta, and, in the process, something would have been ground to powder. You know the men, and can imagine which would have had to pay the heaviest price. Besides," she added, "though all this is frightful and not easy to bear while it is going on, it is likely a melting pot in which the finest metal will come out doubly purified. Now, what is Judith Rankine doing? Why, just preaching for all she is worth!"

Carlotta rose suddenly, and, kneeling by Judy's side, raised her beautiful face, all instinct with feeling, to the plain one whom suffering had taught.

"You wonderful creature, you have spoken the truest words in the world. The melting pot! That is what it is going to be; and since I am honored by being allowed to go into it with you, please heaven, I may contribute something which will be worth while."

"You are going to help Alan to wait, and work, and win," said Judy, wistfully. "I am not sure whether yours is not going to be the biggest bit of all."

Carlotta was unable for a moment to speak, for unutterable thoughts were upon her, like an overwhelming flood. But a great gladness, born of the consciousness of power, was in her soul.

Trying to describe that moment to her brother afterwards, Judy, on whose observant eyes nothing was lost or thrown away, said quite simply: "Something shone in her face like a light from behind or beyond. She is a lovely woman, Alan, and there is something there which is not in ordinary people. Even if—even if"—and her eyes grew tender and wistful again—"even if you have nothing, after all, but the struggle and the waiting, it will be all worth while, both for her and for you, and for me, too, who have to stand by and look on."

In these words Judy expressed, without knowing it, the poignancy of her own position. For can there be a more difficult role for an active, living woman to fill than just to stand by and wait, torn with desire to help, yet wholly at a loss which way to turn for the purpose?

Judy, made to be the guiding light of a home, possessed none of the gifts for which the world will pay in hard cash.

This was not Judy's hour! But it was Carlotta's, and had Judy been able to probe just a little more deeply, and to grasp the stupendous scheme already forming in Carlotta's heart, she would have been held in complete thrall.

Presently they came down to more mundane things, and when the stream of Judy's intimate talk was stemmed a little, she suggested a ramble through the house. An enthusiastic guide, she had no reason to complain of lukewarmness on the part of her whom she thus chaperoned.

It was at once Carlotta's introduction and fairwell to Stair, until, perhaps, some happier day should dawn for her and those whose deepest regrets and hopes she now so fully shared.

"I am sure you must be most fully satisfied," said Judy impulsively at the afternoon wore on and they were wandering about the park, within sight of the loch and the sea. "And I have nothing to offer you in the way of conveyance back to Ayre. You must come in and rest awhile, and, after tea, walk down quite quietly, and I will convey you part of the way."

"I am not tired at all! How could I be? When one is alive, as I am to-day, every faculty strung to the highest pitch—there is no such thing as tiredness in the world."

"I have felt like that. But just lately I don't seem to be so willing or so able to go on. Bobbie Sanderson calls it a reaction, but I just laugh at him. Do you know Bobbie Sanderson?"

"Only by sight, though I hear of him sometimes, nay, very often—among the poor people."

"Do you visit poor people in Ayre?" asked Judy, in swift surprise.

"Sometimes, because it is necessary, I am sure, for all of us to realize now and again that we are really quite well off, and that others would give all they possessed for the privileges we despise."

In these words Carlotta revealed herself, and part of the divine discontent of her life.

"I started out to say that Bobbie is a dear!" said Judy. "When one gets Bobbie Sanderson's nature allied to his other gifts, then the man himself is a gift to the world. He is a healer, and surely there can't be anything finer in life than just that!"

Carlotta's face indicated that the words had aroused a fresh train of thought.

"Now you are getting back into the clouds again! Shall we go in now?" said Judy quickly.

"Presently. Is it very far to the side of Barassie Hill from which one can see The Lees?"

"Not far at all. We can easily go—just through the little wood and round by the path, and there we are."

Judy led the way, and as they left the pleasant purlieus of the park behind, and came to the sparsely-covered spur of the hill, they talked less. To the march dyke did Judy bring Carlotta, and forgetful of the fact that she might not know what had happened there, she stood still, pointing to a big boulder.

"It was just there I found him, and if he had fallen an inch or two nearer he might have been killed by that boulder! And Peter never even waited, or came back to see whether he had been killed. He had murdered in his heart. Oh, forgive me!" she cried, then, stricken by the look on Carlotta's face, "I forgot that you might mind! It is just like my foolish tongue to wander on like that!"

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For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

"Clothes last longer when washed properly"

says Mrs. Experience, who tells how to wash them.



"Some women actually rub holes in clothes trying to get them clean with harsh, ordinary laundry soaps, which are only half soap anyway. No wonder they say, 'Washing is so wearing on clothes'."

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"And as every bit of Sunlight is pure, cleansing soap, it lathers generously, does not fade anything washable and is far more economical. Sunlight keeps your hands nice and soft. Levers, Toronto make it."

Sunlight Soap

"It strikes me," said Judy, an hour later, as she conveyed her down the avenue, "that it is I who have talked most of the day. When will you come again to take your full share of talking? There are so many things I want to know about you?"

"You want to know them yet, even after we have spent all these hours together?"

"I know what you are after—base flattery!" answered Judy, with a flash of her old brightness. "But you don't get it! You know, don't you, that I am glad, more glad even than I was this morning, that you belong to Stair!"

"Stay like that, Judy," said the other woman with a strange passion. "If you believe in me, and love me like that, I shall arrive!"

"Arrive—where?"

"I was only thinking of something I was reading this morning in Brown-ing. It is in 'Parascelsus'—"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

A Strange Worm.

A scientific expedition has found in the Olympic Mountains a strange worm that lives only in ice. It is thin, black and about half an inch long. In one place the ice was fairly covered with the worms. Taking one of them in the hand kills it. In fact, they are so sensitive to heat that they crawl into the ice from shelter whenever the sun comes out. The expedition could not bring home any live specimens, but it made a number of photographs of the worms.

Potatoes grown in the United States may not be imported into England and Wales on account of the Colorado beetle, an insect pest which was first noticed on potatoes in 1850 and has since done great damage.

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WHEN IN TORONTO VISIT THE
Royal Ontario Museum
233 Bloor St. West, near Avenue Road. Largest permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology, Zoology. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m. Bloor, Bay, and Church cars.

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WRIGLEYS

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